

MR. DEREK WALKER-SMITH'S appointment as Under-Secretary at the Board of Trade has raised political eyebrows. Mention of this particular post does not normally send blood coursing through the veins of ambitious back-benchers, and Mr. Walker-Smith enjoyed his chairmanship of the 1922 Committee and was not over-anxious for Ministerial preferment.

During the new session, however, the Board of Trade will inevitably be in the forefront of political battle and it badly needs good liaison with the Conservative rank and file. Monopolies Bill is pending, also new anti-dumping legislation and copyright reform, and the forthcoming report of the Monopolies Commission on the tyre industry is expected to be even more outspoken than usual.

To the resultant battle Mr. Walker-Smith will bring a clear legal mind (he is one of the few people who ever understood the old Town and Country Act) as well as the respect and affection of the bulk of the back-benchers in his own party.

Baptism of Fire

THE introduction of two new Members, Lieut.-Colonel Robert Grosvenor and Mr. Charles Beattie, should give the new session of the House of Commons a noisy start on Tuesday.

Both men were narrowly defeated at the General Election by Sinn Féin candidates serving long prison sentences. After much argument and one by-election the High Court of Northern Ireland decided that, as the Sinn Féin men were felons, the two Ulster Unionists had been returned.

A cohort of Socialists is known to be hatching a stormy reception to the two new Members. Part of the abuse will also be hurled at Captain Harry Crookshank and Mr. Patrick Buchanan-Henburn, who have handled the matter for the Government.

The hubbub will not dismay Colonel Grosvenor. He has experience of the Kenya Legislative Council where hard words are not unknown. It may, however, be used as a rude shock to Mr. Charles Beattie. I believe this is the first time in his life he has visited London—let alone the House of Commons.

London Pride

WHEN Admiral Golovko and his senior officers visited London recently the Admiralty arranged a sight-seeing tour which appeared to be exhaustive since it ranged from Buckingham Palace to Karl Marx's tomb.

Not so. A senior naval officer concerned with the programme is asking his friends to guess what London institution our Russian guests might include in their tour, and nobody guesses correctly.

It was Madame Tussauds.

Paintworks

IT is quite possible that Russian propaganda makes Madame Tussaud's out to be the National Gallery.

During the war the Admiralty formed a team of half a dozen R.N.R.V. Russian interpreters who were bound to learn the Russian language. One of them, the Liaison Staff in London. One of them died in a crash.

At an official dinner, by way of conversation, this R.N.R.V. interpreter asked his Russian Admiral if he had seen anything of English in his travels.

There is no English art," said the Admiral.

The Englishman asked

which of the London galleries the Admiral had visited.

"Your fine arts," said the Admiral. "Madame Tussaud's."

"It was too much for the artist. He forged his naval uniform, and corrected the Admiral in such terms that he had to be relieved of this appointment."

"Monty" to Visit "Ike"
FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY is likely to be Mr. Eisenhower's first visitor from this country since the President's heart attack. Lord Montgomery, who leaves London by air on November 1 on a lecture tour of United States military establishments, had originally been invited to stay with the President on his farm at Gettysburg from November 4 to 8. The President has now cabled the Field-Marshal to visit him at the hospital in Denver, which he is unlikely to leave before mid-November. "My news of the illness," said his old war-time comrade yesterday. "But he will now have to put himself first."

Some of the Field-Marshal's speeches in the States will contain ammunition as explosive as that he used at his recent R.U.S.I. lecture, when the hall was filled two hours beforehand. He works weeks, even months, mostly in the early morning drafts, but the final version is ready long before delivery.

The Capricorn Affair

WITH a cool, courteous, slightly diffident manner, Colonel David Sterling must rank as one of the world's more unusual political agitators. At first glance he looks like a man who would rather raise rheumatism than political passions.

But in fact this man, founder of the famous Special Air Service Regiment and brother, incidentally, of Bill Sterling, whose name Greco has been in the news this week, is now ill-equipped for agitation. He has a moveable type in the Capricorn Affair. He has a good idea of "how to demolish the colour bar." He has a good idea of "how to imagine what would happen if we could remove the emotional explosive of colour from our part of the African continent," and he enjoys using that note of paradox which so often marks the leader. We are non-political in the sense of being 100 per cent political.

Target No. 1

IN East and Central Africa the two areas that make up the heart of the British Empire are being hit by a new kind of target claim. 1,200 volunteer workers dedicated to the idea of a common citizenship linking men of all colours. Now, to coincide with the publication of what amounts to a Capricorn prospectus—"New Hope for Africa."

Dr. A. J. A. (Louvain) is on a flying visit to England to raise more support for the idea of a common citizenship. Sir John Slessor.

For an old man living outside Africa the man who could give Capricorn the biggest momentum would be the one who has the most individual has such widespread appeal. He is a champion of inter-racial co-operation. Some of his friends are the most active in the movement, but the Aga Khan himself.

David Sterling is not dismayed. He never has been.

To One Stall: £70

RECEIPTS from the sale of 1,688 R seats for "Piccolo on the grand Gay Fawkes" may reopen

of the Vienna State Opera House, have netted the Austrian Government £28,976 6s. 1d. which is believed to be a world record for a single "house."

Prices range from £70 for a good seat in the stalls and £240 for box seating six to eight people for a single evening. The Vienna Opera, which is a distinguished representative of the night in her history.

Gold Without Guilt

AUSTRIA'S "musical coronation" will be attended by no royalty and the gossip writers will have to discard the Almsman of Gethse in favour of the Bankers' Year Book. Now even Miss Grete Garbo will not be present since Mr. Aristotle Onassis, who was to

have been her host, cancelled his reservations last week.

Thanks to the patronage of a group of rich Austrian magnates, who subscribed £200,000, and the necessary sales, there will be a hand-picked team of sixty-five representing the world of music from the arts, but otherwise, apart from the presence of a distinguished representative of the Vienna Opera, which is a distinguished representative of the night in her history.

Auto Secrets

THE closest secrets of the motor trade are contained in a small booklet known as "Glass's Guide to Used-Car Values," published

monthly for the confidential use of second-hand car dealers.

This Form Book, which provides a service of sort of hot news from Great Portland Street, was first published twenty-two years ago by William Glass, who began his career as an engineer in the old Coventry Motor Manufacturing Company, and the owner who trades in his car this week for a new run-in from the Show will know that his fate is sealed as soon as the dealer slips his "Glass" into one of his hip pocket and surreptitiously consults it.

Brains of Glass

WILLIAM GLASS died in 1949 after building up the nationwide organisation on which his

prices are based, and the business is now run with poker-faced efficiency by his successor, Mr. John Haslett, who operates from headquarters camouflaged as a first-class private secretary in a country house hidden amongst woods on the outskirts of Weybridge.

Mr. Haslett is a mild, middle-aged man who hides his secrets beneath an easy charm. It would not do, he says, for the Guide to fall into the hands of the public, since the prices listed are only an indication, and can be modified by the dealer.

This is not the reason why the dealers will not show you their little buff book. To be struck off

the circulation list by "Glass" would be their ruin.

Outer Space

THE question of the admission of new members of the United Nations was up before the General Assembly. At a private meeting of the British Commonwealth delegates to agree on their candidates. Mr. Anthony Nutting explained that the basis of the British proposal was to exclude all divided countries.

"For instance," he said, "there is no case for the Communist satellite, Outer Mongolia, since Inner Mongolia is a part of China."

"Why not Outer Mongolia?" protested Mr. Krishna Menon. India has recognised her."

"Of course," said another Commonwealth delegate. "But could you refresh my memory, Mr. Menon. What is the capital of Outer Mongolia?"

Mr. Menon scratched his head and feverishly searched his mind. But even Echo failed to answer him.

A Great Exhibition

THIS year's Royal Academy Exhibition, which opens next Saturday, will be unique in several respects. Never before, in Portugal or anywhere else, has so comprehensive a display of Portuguese art been gathered together, and never before has the winter exhibition been, to all practical purposes, the work of a single man.

This one man, Professor Reynaldo dos Santos, has had loyal helpers—not least the Academy technical staff, who have worked till late at night, seven days a week, for the last month, to assemble the sculpture, the paintings, the enormous seventeenth-century state coach, the copes and vestments, and most surprising of all, in these grave surroundings, the two (single) beds. But the bulk of the work fell on Professor dos Santos.

Modest, unassuming, and the "Lewitt Dodd" of 1955 is probably Mr. John Brady, who has just shaken London for the second time in his fortnight, overcrowded, plump, and rather a rugged canvasser.

Brady is twenty-seven, but looks forty-five, his build is a person of colossal brow, deep-set eyes, and a powerful, almost enormous, and concentrated nature. His habits of work are the reverse of a dilettante's. Producing at his peak one huge painting a day, he has on occasion valued himself up to three weeks, emerging only for the milkman.

A redoubtable arguer, less naïve than he might seem, Brady has been known to emphasise a point so violently as to break three bones in his hand, and, sure that no one could be more doubtful of his own work, he has been so impressed against his will by the sheer volume of work that he has set himself to do.

We could really have two exhibitions a year," he once said in his wife.

In that case, "his most constant model was the artist, I think, who had to find another continent first."

Exemplary Professor

PROFESSOR REYNALDO DOS SANTOS makes little of his huge task. "There were places," he admits, "that took ten letters, 'Back and forth. Him—I, him—I, terrible! And the Viscount thought cost me a whole lecture, but then it is a very rare thing, that chance."

As the supreme and in many cases the only authority on Portuguese art, Professor dos Santos has a unique prestige. But his historical studies have been confined in his spare time—for he is spry, loquacious and eminently conversable man—time for the last seventy, one of the world's foremost surgeons, a Royal Society gold medalist, and a doctor for over twenty years past to Dr. Salazar.

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Glorious Windows

YESTERDAY the final touches were added to the last of the two windows which will be delivered to Herndon Isolation Hospital for the Kings and Queens of

England, were destroyed by bomb blast.

A committee presided over by the Earl of Drogheda recommended that the new windows should set out the coats-of-arms of famous Peers, and space has been found for 160. In time these range from John of Gaunt (1360) to the late Lord Kensington, whose generosity made this scheme possible.

Modest concentration on Ancient rather than Modern presented the artist, Mr. Carl Edwards, and his partner, Mr. Hugh Powell, with exacting problems of detail. Many of the old coats-arms had faded and aged tombstones and medieval records had to be consulted.

The designs that resulted are as heretically correct as they are glorious in colour.

Minsk Bearcat

RUSSIA plans to engage in a Grand Prix motor racing next year, according to recent Georgian reports. The Soviet Union, and there is confirmation in Soviet newspapers, records of the tests being carried out on a track in the Caucasus.

The Russian racing cars are being built by the ZIS plant, which produces the famous Moskvitch senger cars based on an early Packard design, and captured Mercedes and BMW engineers are said to be responsible for the design.

Russia has, I think, never designed a motor-car that could compete with the best of European models, and she has certainly never raced. If her cars do appear on the track, it will be interesting to see what racing colours she chooses.

The Italians have appropriated Red Pink in available.

Parusnas Today (No. 1)

FOR thirty years "The Constant Nymph" has provided us with a Portrait of the Artist as a high hearted and ethereally beautiful young dreamer. Rupert Brooke crossed, perhaps, with a member of "The Souls."

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